

How it really happened.

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Summary: The founding of Hogwarts with a whole new twist!

How it really happened.

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Long ago, shortly after the invention of the wheel and just before your parents were born, the most famous school for wizards in the entire world was founded. They built it in England, because that's where the Founders lived, and they didn't have floo powder yet.

Sure, you may have heard this story before. But I'm the only one who actually knows it.

Who am I? Well, I'm a wizard. I'll give you that much. The rest you can figure out yourself.

Anyway, these four wizards and witches got together and decided to build a school. First, though, they had to agree on a name. This would present some difficulty, since each of them really wanted to name it after him/herself so that his/her name would go down in history. [They claimed to be the greatest wizards of the age, but as they were the only ones that said so, the matter may be up to some debate.]

Well, you see, I knew these wizards, so I dropped in one day to have a chat. They were all at Gryffindor's house. None of them looked happy.

"We canna build the school until we have a name for it," Hufflepuff said to me, "An we canna agree on a name."

"How about Emrys School?"

"Ha! If I canst name it after me, I most certainly shall not naming it after thee, old man," Slytherin spat.

"All right, name it after my pig."

"What's your pig's name?" Ravenclaw inquired.

"Warts."

"It's, like, missing something, man," Gryffindor said. "How about 'Hogwarts'?"

"Perfect!" The others cried. "And we can have Houses named after us." That was Ravenclaw's suggestion. I always had thought that she had more sense than the others.

"May I suggest you use your last names?" I suggested.

"An why should we do that?"

"Well, my friends, although you all have perfectly decent last names, your first names leave a bit to be desired."

"Dinna blame me, blame the centaur!" Hufflepuff cried.

"All right, I'm just saying that Saladbar, Gotsik, Rowing, and Heldup are hardly the most heroic of names." They looked a bit sheepish.

"Very well, old man, we'll take thy advice," Saladbar snorted.

"We will, dude?" Gotsik asked.

"We will, or I shall have no part of this!"

"Good! We'd, like, be better off without you!"

"Gotsik! Saladbar! Not now!"

"Then when, Heldup?"

"After we get the school started, you can have a duel."

"All right, I shalst wait. But afterwards I shall have no mercy on thee, Gotsik."

"Hey, can you come and mediate our fight, man?" I was honored to be asked, and said so.

"I'll even teach a class for you, if you like."

"All right, man! Now all we need are some students."

"What about a place to have the school?"

"Oh, we were, like, planning on holding classes in the village square."

"Look, you four, think big. Really big."

"Um, we can build a hut and have classes there?" Rowing was clearly struggling to get what I'd been saying.

"How about a castle, you geniuses?"

"What an idea!"

"Where canna we get one sich a thin'?"

"I'll check the classified section, dudes."

"Why don't you build one, morons?"

"That's brilliant!"

"You must be the greatest wizard of the age!"

"Actually, I'm the greatest wizard of all ages. But I like to be modest."

So I left the four of them discussing details and went back to my home village for a while, looking for something. When I came back, I was taken to see the great school they'd constructed.

"That was quick work."

"Oh, no big deal, man, we hired outside help." A horde of Cornish pixies came through.

"That's your help?"

"Yes, like, what's it to you, dude?"

"Okayâ€¦!"

"What is that bundle?"

"What, this, Saladbar?"

"Yes, old man, that."

"Well, it's a skull."

"Why on earth wouldst thou want with a skull?"

"It's not just any skull, it's the skull of my old teacher, Bleys, one of the greatest wizards of all time. Except for me, of course."

"Very well, it's a famous skull. So what?"

"It answers questions, that's what."

"Forsooth, let me try. Oh wise skull, will I be more famous than Gotsik?"

"Uh, Saladbar, it doesn't answer that kind of questions."

"Then what kind does it answer?"

"It tells people what they are supposed to do, or be."

"Okay, skull, what should we do with you?" To my surprise, the skull answered. _Make me a magical hat, and I will move my consciousness into it. Then for all time I shall be able to help at this school."_

"I don't know if that's such a good idea," I began, but the four brilliant wizards were already getting to work. "Hey, guys! Never trust anything that can think for itself if you can't see where it keeps its brains!"

"Where didst thou learn that, old one?"

"I just made it up, Saladbar, but it's good advice!" But they didn't listen to me. I saw that we surely could not work together, and went my own way.

A few years later, I got an owl from Heldup Hufflepuff. It said;

Gotsik and Saladbar wish to have their duel, and before that we are having a special ceremony that will make the castle's defenses complete. We hope you can come.

Now, I'm always wary of such things, ever since I was a kid and some king tried to sacrifice me to his gods. But I accepted. After all, I could outwit those four with half my brain tied behind my back.

"We're so glad you could make it," Rowing greeted me as I arrived. "{We've sent the kids home for the summer so that they won't know the truth about this ceremony. She led me into the Great Hall, which was, I am forced to admit, fairly impressive.

"Gee, what took so long, Rowing?" Gotsik demanded. "We were, like, almost ready to begin without you, dude."

"Well, I'm here now." She turned to face me. "With the most powerful magic at our disposal we are preparing to summon monsters from out of space and time. These beasts will reside in the castle, waiting for us to need them. Saladbar demands to go first."

"And Gotsik is letting him?"

"Well, he lost rock-paper-scissors."

"Oh."

"Into my Chamber of Secrets I summon the most fearsome of all monsters," he began pontifically, "The king of serpents, the mighty Bailisk!"

"I had heard that he was a Parselmouth," I said.

"Who hasn't? He's bragged about it all up and down the country for the past ten years! Personally, I've only ever known him to talk to garter snakes. He's too afraid of anything bigger." Now Godric stepped forward.

"Into the Closet of Darkness I summon fearsome creatures â€" the Teletubbies!"

"The what?"

"I have no idea. This was all his plan. He found the monster he says I should use, too. Oh, it's my turn." She walked out to the middle of the floor. "In the Drawer of Death I place the bane of people with brains everywhere â€" Barney the Singing Dinosaur and three hundred Banning Freaks!" Now it was time for Heldup to go.

"In the Cupboard of Mystery I place my monster. Only the Hair of Hufflepuff may use it!" [AN â€" yes, I did mean Hair.] "Furby from the distant time, I summon you to hide in my Cupboard until my Hair comes!"

"The Hair of Hufflepuff?"

"Well, you know how concerned she is with the way her hair looks?"

"Yes?"

"She decided that her Hair would be a lot like her, and always be fussing with his hair."

"Him?"

"Or her. She didn't say. Anyway, I think Saladbar is jealous that he didn't think of the idea. It's time for the duel now."

"Okay." I walked out into the middle of the floor. "All right, gentlemen, you may begin."

"Expeliarmus!" They both yelled, and went flying across the room. Gotsik stood up first.

"Had enough, Saladbar old boy?"

"No, thou puling fool!" Gotsik hit him with a Tickling Charm. Saladbar rolled over and over laughing. Finally he pulled himself to his feet. "I am leaving, thou imbeciles! Let me see how we you fare without me!" And he strode out of the room.

I followed a little later. That was the last time in that century that I stood in Hogwarts. Eventually, though, I had to take over, because there was just such a mess being made. And the founders had rewritten history, all right. They changed their names, eliminated all references to the monsters, [but I hid clues about the Basilisk because I thought it was just too dangerous to leave lying around lie that] and made up a convoluted story about Salazar [as he called himself] having hated Muggle-born students, and that that was why he left the school. I left that stuff in, though, because I figured it wouldn't hurt anything.

So that's the true story of the founding of Hogwarts. Thank you all for listening.

A/N â€" if you are wondering who the narrator was, I left a few hints

in the story. You should be able to guess from these. I promise, it's not like the last time when I asked who a character was and nobody could get it [remember Castor and Pollux?]Everyone probably knows this guy!

All right, you know this was completely tongue-in-cheek. It's just, well, what if the founders weren't exactly as wonderful as everyone thinks? Hmm?

End
file.